consistency and constancy, devotion and sensibility. Hyacinth 'never makes mistakes' and is incapable of breaking his given promise.

The Princess initiates him into the great world of wealth by introducing him to specimens of English country families. The dormant aristocratic temperament of Hyacinth is fully awakened and stimulated into an enthusiastic response to the patrician modes of living. Miss Pynsent dies, and Hyacinth uses her small legacy - augmented by Vetch's contribution to it - to travel in Europe, where he discovers values whose existence he had never recognized, and returns realizing that revolution cannot effect his personal salvation. What-he has seen convinces him that certain objects, of which he had no former notion, should be preserved, and not destroyed; where he had only glimpsed a bound, he now discovers a horizon offering a new sense of life augmenting, enhancing and enriching his consciousness. The man of feeling and honesty is thus torn between loyalty to the cause and loyalty to his own nature. The dilemma is precipitated when he is required by the revolutionists to assassinate a certain duke. His binding sense of honour, which reminds one of Hamlet, makes it imperative on his part to be loyal to his pledge; but self-betrayal is as dishonorable as breaking a promise. The only alternative for Hyacinth for preserving his self-integrity is to commit suicide. Suicide thus becomes a moral victory for the self : it is a symbol of his disengagement from partial commitment, and of his affirmation of the total commitment of the single, genuine self to the whole complex, dynamic texture of experience.

Hyacinth realizes that revolutionary commitment is by nature isolative, because it views life not as a whole, but in parts setting each against the other in a mutually destructive clash of pride and hostility. Such a partial enlightenment as to the structure of experience must necessarily mean a deprivation of sensibility in terms of human refinement. Revolution oversimplifies the rich complexity of

life in terms of ideological commitment and as such, must ever remain partial, and to that extent false. The individual, on whom no atom of life must be lost, finds the revolutionary ethos constrictive. For Hyacinth, who has seen both sides of the revolution, the truth of refinement lies not inside the movement, but outside it. The initial tragic error of Hyacinth lies In the free, but false choice he makes in total ignorance of the essential self-knowledge which could well have it.